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AUGUST 24, 1881.

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MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

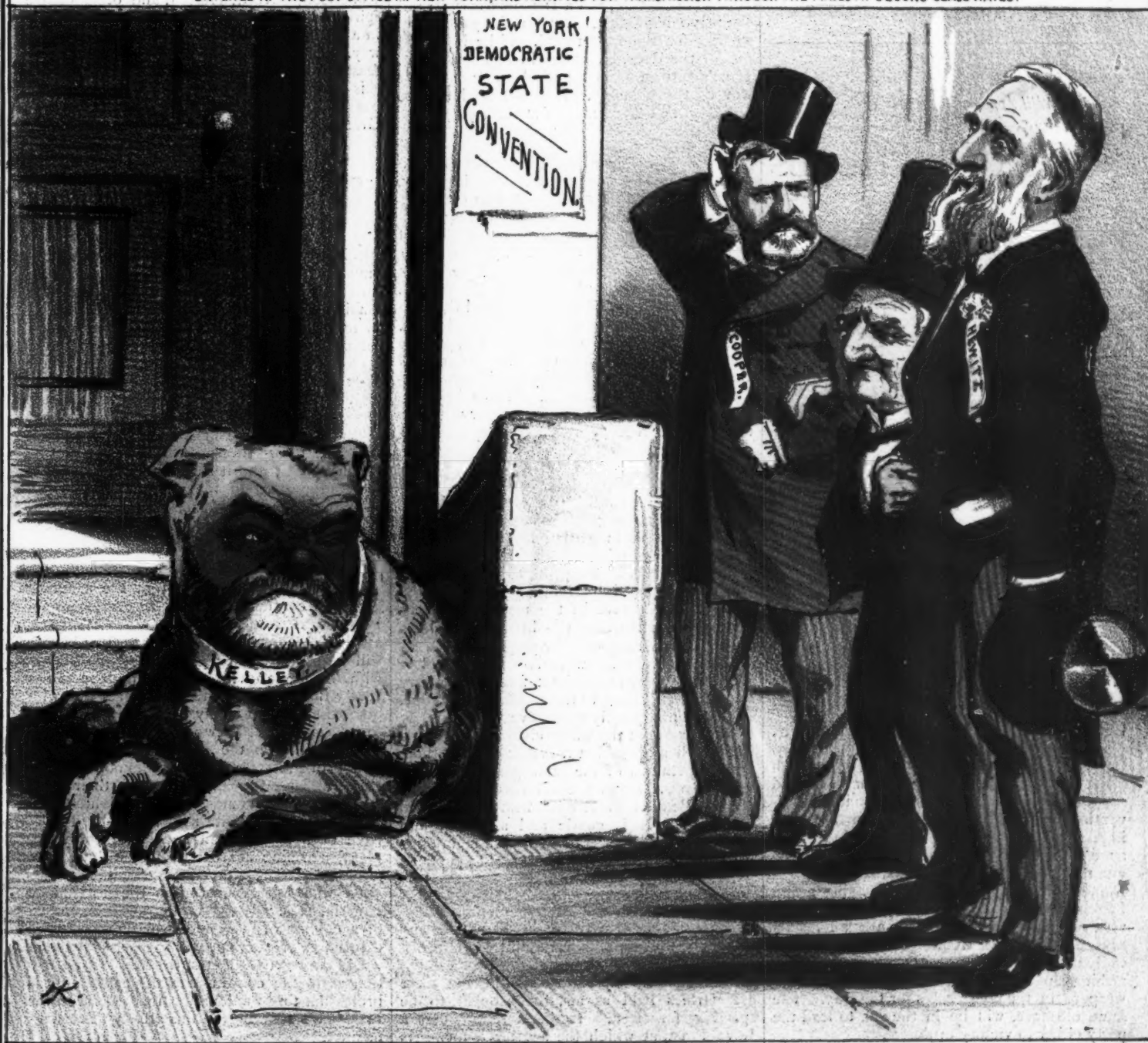
Suck

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BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE Autumn approaches and brings with it other things besides fallen leaves and cool evenings. It brings political conventions and a great deal more than the name implies. The State of New York is, in accordance with its Constitution, to have a new Governor and several other officers, and the great Democratic party is, of course, making grand preparations for the event. Last November it received a bad set-back; but a small matter like that does not trouble it much. All the well-known champions of Democracy are furnishing up their armor and sharpening their weapons in their eagerness for the fray. The same old faces will be in the van to lead the party either to victory or defeat.

Mr. Hewitt will be there, but, let us hope, without being mixed up this time with any Morey letters. Ex-Mayor Cooper, too, will certainly not be inactive, and dear old Uncle Sammy will probably direct matters either from "Greystone" or Gramercy Park. With a conceded majority in this State, it seems an easy thing for the Democrats at all times to carry everything before them. But what the Half-breeds are to the Stalwarts among the Republicans, so are Tammany and Mr. John Kelly to Tilden Democrats. There is not an excess of unanimity—so to speak. Mr. Kelly, in spite of the kicks and rebuffs he receives, is, somehow or other, always to be found on hand at conventions and elections.

One would almost think that he would become tired of perpetual whippings. But he is not. He does not mind a defeat for his party, so long as he is enabled to gratify any personal feeling he may have against a Democrat who refuses to obey the mandates of Tammany. Indeed, he appears rather to enjoy being worsted. "If I can't have my way, no other Democrat shall," says Mr. Kelly. Then comes the election, and a Democratic split, and the inevitable defeat. But Mr. Kelly comes up smiling for the next round. If he is kicked out of the door, he comes in at the window. If he's thrown from the window, he enters by way of the chimney. If he's forced up the chimney, he'll show himself at the skylight.

Nor is Mr. Kelly a meek, lowly person, who permits people to despise him with impunity. He is a formidable antagonist, who can only be moved by brute force; and it requires a considerable application of even that kind of force to do it. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden never made a greater mistake in his life, if he thinks that the approaching Democratic Convention will be a "walk-over" for himself and the gentlemen who are honored with his confidence. Mr. John Kelly, like a faithful mastiff, will be there to dispute with them every inch of ground, and make their lives unhappy by his growls and the exhibition of his teeth. 'Twas ever thus, and we suppose we must make up our minds to look upon Mr. Kelly as a necessary and irrepressible evil.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, if it has but little influence in the community, nevertheless succeeds in getting itself more talked about than any other paper. It does not—as some of its neighbors do—beat about the bush when discussing important subjects. It goes straight to the root of the matter, and tells people just how things should be. It holds a high position as a weather-prophet. It is an authority on gun-shot wounds. What the late Horace Greeley knew about farming was very small in comparison to the *Herald's* knowledge. It is not infrequently aggressive, and is ready to defy and fight the whole civilized world. It is at such a time that it breaks out in a thousand repetitions of the same paragraph in all its columns. Since the return of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the *Herald's* heart has softened somewhat. It is gentle and soothing, and preaches peace and good will to all men, especially to the leading lights of the Republican party.

It doesn't see why there should now be any difference between Stalwarts and Half-breeds. It does not deny that there have been serious disputes and much unpleasantness, but these are "trifles light as air," and ought to be speedily forgotten. It therefore proposes a Love Feast, at which the aggrieved members

of both camps should meet and shake hands, and wash away their sorrows and disappointments in champagne. Of course this suggestion is inspired by Mr. Conkling, who has for so long a time had the *Herald* as his champion. As is the case with every man or measure that the *Herald* supports, Mr. Conkling has come to grief and has entirely lost the confidence of his party.

He expected a triumphant re election when he resigned his seat in the Senate. Not having obtained it by a 'large majority,' he now seeks to make friends once more with those whom he condemned. But we doubt if the little scheme will work, even with the help of General Grant, "the hero of a thousand feeds," me-too Platt, and Mr. Hugh Hastings and his newspaper. In vain do these gentlemen wait for the response to Mr. Bennett's sonorous gong. In vain are inviting viands set on the festive board. In vain is the legend "Welcome to the Love Feast" inscribed on the threshold of the portal of the banquetting hall. The invited guests won't come. They refuse to accept the olive branch held out to them, and Messrs. Robertson, Alvord, Husted, and other choice spirits have a little *al fresco* feed of their own in a plain, unpretentious tent right across the way. The Love Feast is a feast without any feasters, and Mr. Conkling's last greatest effort, this time through the medium of the *Herald*, has proved once more abortive, and General Grant is clearly out a dinner.

Gambling and pool-selling are, we believe, not legal in this State; yet, strange to say, it is the easiest thing in the world to gamble or to buy a pool. Nor is one obliged to use any special secrecy in carrying on either of these amusements. The proprietors of a gambling-house may, perhaps, exercise a little caution in making the exterior of their establishment look as respectable as possible, but this, with pool-selling, is quite unnecessary. We cannot take up a paper which contains an account of a race meeting without finding full particulars of the sale, amount and value of the pools, and the places where the tickets are sold blazon it forth to the world in the most unblushing manner. It is safe to say that no man ever got rich by buying pools; and it is still safer to say that a large proportion of the youthful embezzlers, thieves and forgers commenced their downward career the day that they purchased a pool-ticket.

The precarious condition of the suffering President continues to cause the gravest apprehensions. It seems almost too much to expect, after the recent dangerous relapse, that his life will be spared to us; yet we do, in common with the whole civilized world, hope most fervently that it will. If there are men who wish otherwise, it must surely be the proprietors of some sensational newspapers, to whom the brutal attack on the President has proved a source of great profit. But common decency ought at least to make them keep their greed for gain within bounds. On the slightest provocation "extras," with mendacious head-lines, have been issued at all hours of the day and night, alarming nervous people, without containing anything either new or important beyond what was known from the last official bulletin. The "extra" would, perhaps, consist of a column of nauseous verbiage or editorial expression of opinion, without one word that would convey the slightest trustworthy information as to the condition of the patient. It is brutal, not to say unjournalistic, to trade on the President's sufferings in this grossly mercenary manner.

LUCKLESS CORNELL.

ANOTHER DISASTROUS DEFEAT.

CORNELL CAVES.

The Halt and the Maimed Ahead.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

All for Ten Cents.

The Cornell crew, which we shall shortly welcome home again, has not scored, during its European tour, the glorious victories that it started out to achieve. Its feats—or rather its defeats—in the different waters where it has essayed its strength, have not arisen so much from want of confidence as from want of muscle and skill.

Still, America has won in so many tests of athletic and sporting prowess, that it can well afford to put up with a few set-backs. Had we gone on carrying everything before us, we might have become so bumptious and arrogant as to prevent our being ever challenged again. The Cornell crew, we believe, must have understood this, and has consequently made itself a martyr to the cause of modesty, in courting defeat everywhere in order to keep within proper bounds its irrepressible countrymen.

If this really be the case, we think we owe to Cornell a deep debt of gratitude. It is only a crew from a university of such scientific and philosophical reputation that could think of such a thing. The members of the crew had, doubtless, in the course of their historical investigations, discovered that a defeat now and then was wholesome, and they quietly determined, as became conscientious university students, to act upon the teachings of History, regardless of the odium that might be attached to them in consequence by an unthinking public.

We esteem them for their noble self-sacrifice. We are quite prepared, under the circumstances, not only to admire, but to applaud their several brilliant defeats. Henley, Vienna and other places we shall in future look upon as localities consecrated to the Cornell crew's unselfishness; but in another event in which it competed, we cannot let it off so easily. The daily press has been singularly reticent in this particular affair; but Puck, as usual, had its reporter on hand, who gives the following account of the race:

It was kept a profound secret, but it somehow or other became known, in the London office of PUCK, that several aged Greenwich pensioners, none under eighty-five years old, were anxious to try conclusions with the Cornell men.

These pensioners, all old sailors who years ago had fought for their king and country, had not handled an oar since middle age; but they felt it would be good exercise for them to indulge once more in the amusement—besides, America might take it as a compliment.

Cornell at once accepted the challenge, and the Greenwich pensioners lost no time in choosing their crew. It consisted of very old and feeble men, all, however, with complete sets of arms and legs. Mr. Schinkel, on behalf of the Cornell crew, said that another selection must be made. When the race with the Greenwich pensioners was first mentioned, it was thought that all those gentlemen had at least lost one limb, and that Cornell never contemplated for a single instant measuring its strength against sound men, no matter how venerable they might be.

The Captain of the Greenwich pensioners, who was in the last stages of consumption, and had been given up by the doctors five years ago, argued the point.

He stated that men *minus* an arm or leg

could not pull so well. Mr. Schinkel answered that he was well aware of it, and, therefore, that unless maimed men with some wooden legs and arms were chosen from among the pensioners, the idea of racing must positively be abandoned. The Cornell crew had done a great deal of hard work, Mr. Schinkel said, and that it should be allowed to have a chance, and must not be heavily handicapped.

It was ultimately decided that the Greenwich pensioner crew should consist solely of men who had either lost an arm or leg, or both of these useful members, which would, in the opinion of the Cornell students, make things about even.

The race came off early in the afternoon, and the attendance of the friends of Cornell was considerable. The stroke oar of the pensioners' boat had but one arm and a wooden leg; but, by grasping the gunnel of the boat with the hook on the maimed stump, he succeeded in getting a firm grip in the water. The "bow" had neither arms nor legs, and was ninety-five years old, but pulled a very fair oar with his false teeth. After the race was over, he said he had n't had so hard a day's work since the battle of Trafalgar, when he was with Nelson on board the famous "Victory."

The distance was half a mile; but before Cornell had pulled two hundred yards, Mr. Schinkel found it necessary to blow his nose. The pensioners forged ahead in consequence, and Cornell had all it could do to pull up to them.

When within one hundred and fifty yards of the goal, Mr. Schinkel again found it necessary to apply his handkerchief to his proboscis; and, as the other members of the crew refused to allow him to do so, on the ground that time would be lost, he at once fainted right off, and the Greenwich pensioners won the race by four or five boats lengths.

The Cornell men attended, the following day, the funeral of the Greenwich crew, and then set about making arrangements for other contests.

This was not such an easy matter, for the various boat-clubs did not care to score the easy victories that Cornell had permitted at Henley and elsewhere; but two or three very favorable offers have been made from other quarters.

The Middlesex Hospital for Incurables and the Royal Asylum for Idiots are willing to find crews among their patients to row Cornell, and it is reported that some of the lunatics in Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum are also prepared to accept a challenge.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

SCOTCH SHOEMAKING.

Said a gouty old Earl of Buccleuch
Who wore a large No. 10 sheuch,—

"'Taint pretty, I know,

But behold my big toe!

What more can a poor devil deuch?"

C. E. W.

HAD IT BAD.

THERE was a young fellow, named Hughes,
Who had a bad fit of the blughes;

He tore out his eyes,

And ate seven pies,

And danced till he wore out his shughes.

BLASTED HOPES.

SHE murmured to Adolphus, while her eyes
were all a-dream:

"I hear the merry jingle of the peddler of ice
cream;"

But she looked as black as thunder, and her
rapture did explode,

When she learned the bell was jingled by a
heifer down the road.

Puckeyings.

SOME two hundred and fifty people have been killed or injured at a bull fight in Marseilles. The bull was not hurt. Here is something for Mr. Bergh to enlarge on.

NIHILIST HARTMANN is with us again. We shall oppose his extradition, if he'll promise, when he keeps his beer saloon, not to put glucose or strychnine in the lager he sells.

DEAN STANLEY died worth more than four hundred thousand dollars, and yet even the revised edition of the New Testament says: "It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

HERR HERBST, the liberal leader in the Austrian legislature, made the statement last week that the United States is free from "militarism." Is it possible that he has never heard of the New York Seventh regiment?

THERE have been anti-Jewish disturbances in Russia which may render it necessary for some of the disturbers to interview their Jewish "Uncle," to raise the necessary funds to pursue their noble and exalted amusement.

THE Athenæum in Providence has been robbed of some of its paintings. If some benevolent New Yorker would only steal the collection of our Metropolitan Museum of Art, what service he would do his fellow citizens!

The Scotch yacht "Madge" is to pay no duty. "Hech, mon," said the owner to Collector Robertson, "ye wadna tox me for hevving a wee sma' boot for me ain pleasure!" [North Britains will please correct our Scotch.]

SO MUCH skimmed milk has recently been condemned and poured into the Hudson, that now all the milk dealers draw their supplies direct from the river—and their customers are commenting on the marked improvement in quality.

THE Cornell crew are anxious to dispose of their boat before leaving Europe. Why not bring it back with them? Superintendent Coleman is, we believe, in the market for dumping scows—though it may be a very good racing boat, were it not for its crew attachment.

A GENTLEMAN last week hit on a capital plan for saving the Elevated Railroad company's employees trouble. He dropped dead in the Division street station, and so they were spared the necessity of knocking him under the cars or smashing him against the end of the platform.

SIR WILLIAM PALISSER said at a dinner in London, given to Mr. ex-Secretary Evarts, that American records of gun testing were by far the most complete in the world. Considering the number of inquests throughout the country held on those "who didn't know it was loaded," we believe old Pal is right.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

CUT THIS OUT,

pin it under the lapel of your coat
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

WE WILL LET HIM KNOW IF WE DO.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

During the past two or three weeks I have submitted to you several specimens of an article in whose manufacture I am now engaged.

Allow me to state at the outset that I am not a professional poet. As an amateur, however, my facilities for the production of a very superior article are unparalleled. You have observed, perhaps, from my fondness for French and Latin terms, that I am recently from college. Yes; my education is thorough (this is not sarcastical), although I am not a graduate of said institution. Oh, no; my alma maternal relations were rather prematurely severed. I was ejected, so to speak, from the family roost before I was fully fledged.

At present I am engaged in a course of reading preparatory for admission to the bar. That gives me considerable time to court the Muses. The Muses, you know, love to hover among "Supreme Court Reports," "Penal Codes," and the other dusty calf-bound octavos of a lawyer's studio.

Oh, yes; that's a picnic for the Muses. Well, I court the Muses; that is, I am a poet. I must admit that my hair is short, and that my fingernails are tolerably clean; still, paradoxical as it may seem, I am a poet. As a child, I lisped in numbers. That sounds highly poetical; but the prosaic truth is that as a child I stuttered. (Don't give it away.)

Still, I am a poet. I have an instinctive liking for the smooth, the musical. Even the unrythmical clatter of the knife and fork at the table displeases me; that is, when it indicates a greater facility for stowing away a given quantity of food, in a given period of time, than I can attain. Then my eyes roll in two or three fine frenzies.

Well, now to business. I have composed a number of poems. Among others, I have an "Apostrophe to the Hog." By the way, my mother thinks that I am peculiar, not to say unfortunate, in my choice of subjects. But then my mother is æsthetic; in fact, our whole household is æsthetic. You can't find any fly-specks on our walls; the flies are too æsthetic. And even our old cat, once the most thoughtless and frolicsome old feline in existence, has become insufferably æsthetic. To illustrate: One of her offspring, born before she became æsthetic, attempted to play with her tail. Now, I would ask you if the privilege of a young cat to play with an old cat's tail should be curtailed? Is it not one of the sacred, inalienable prerogatives of kittenhood? Certainly; a custom established ages before the production of such intolerable iconoclasts. Why, I doubt not that the furry serenaders of classic Athens submitted their tails to the practice. 'Tis even asserted that the appendage was formed for no other purpose. Yet, this scoffer of a precedent hoary with the dusts of antiquity, this modern innovator, this disciple of a senseless æstheticism, emphatically forbade the indulgence. As she vetoed the procedure, she gave her pouting hundredth-born a look, speaking plainer than words: "Cease thy vulgar frivolity."

Now, is it strange, I ask you, that I can find no one to appreciate my "Apostrophe to the

Hog" in such a household? Why, even my sister, who is sometimes given to sarcasm, could not refrain from looking smart and asking if the production was n't inspired by my overweening egotism. I replied with great dignity, advising her to remember the relationship between us, and that we differed only in gender. My sister was too æsthetic to appreciate the full force of the retort, yet she was somewhat displeased.

I do not maintain that there is anything ideally beautiful about a hog. No, sir; I confess that there isn't a single æsthetic spot or bristle, from the unclassic contour of his countenance to the impertinent little curl of his tail. But that isn't the question. I submit to you, if the true poet can govern his Muse? Am I not compelled to follow her lead? Certainly; that evinces the genuine poetic temperament.

But nothing further need be said. I will give you the first few lines of my "Apostrophe to the Hog." You can judge of its merit:

Hail to thee!

Thou bristly, rooting thing! Thou grunting piece
Of fat porkosity! Of thee I sing.
Thou art not fair; no princely grace is thine;
No teeth of pearl are by thy smile disclosed.
Hast thou a nose? 'Tis not of Grecian mould;
Nor would thy locks, like Berenice's, win
A starry immortality. No, hapless hog,
Thou art not beauteous. And yet, mayhap,
Thou art not dearth of merit.

I need not continue farther. The poem is of sustained merit throughout. My mother admits that it resembles the more sublime passages of Milton, in the sonorous stateliness of the measure; but she cannot overcome her aversion to the subject. In vain I tell her that it is not the subject, but its treatment, which gives dignity to a production. The poem contains seventy-four lines; it is a complete vindication of the hog, and is warranted to give entire satisfaction.

My mother once requested me to compose something on some metaphysical subject, and suggested "Friendship." I told her that I knew nothing about it. She insisted, however, and, to help me out of the dilemma, my sister kindly volunteered to write the first verse. This, she said, would start my Muse on the wing, and then, perhaps, she could sail away unaided. I consented, and she composed the following (my sister dotes on Byron, which explains its gloominess):

Friendship, thou'rt false! Thy flattering smile I hate!
Thy whispered protestations I despise.
Though thou approachest me with royal state,
'Tis thou dost distrust I meet thy beaming eyes.

I don't like the last line, so I changed it and concluded as follows. I will repeat the whole poem:

Friendship, thou'rt false! Thy flattering smile I hate!
Thy whispered protestations I despise.
Though thou approachest me with royal state,
Discretion bids me from thee emigrate;
It sees demand for cash lurk in thine eyes.

Thou wilt accost me with a pleasing nod,
And with a careless "Jonesey, flush to-day?
Lend me a five; I'm short. Yes, rather odd;
I'm rarely so. Ironical, old cod.
I'll hand it back to-morrow, say."

I take a lonely nickel from my store—
'Twas borrowed, *entre nous*, but yesterday,
And hand it to him, feeling deuced sore,
Fearing it would greet me no more:
The grinning pirate nods and walks away.

The morrows come and go—not so the friend;
He never comes—unless it is to borrow.
At length I meet him, poverty pretend,
And timidly insinuate—a lend.
He with a wink replies: "Come round to-morrow."

My mother says its tone is hopelessly low and vulgar. I am in despair. I do not believe I can write æsthetically. Can't you suggest a remedy? In conclusion, my dear PUCK, if you want my "Hog's Apostrophe," let me know.
CHAS. H. TURNER.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXVI.

DIAMONDS.



Ya-as, I have been wecently a tourwist; and if I were asked what was the most stwiking feachah of my twip through-out the wegulah and conventional sum-mah woute which I took, I should weply, without the slightest hesitation aw, Diamonds.

I don't mean, ye know, the wed varwietty of marks that are used in packs of playing cards, but the pwecious stone aw, as Jack calls it—cwystalized carbon, which is sold at verwy high pwices by jewellahs.

I was perfectly surprised, durwing my perweginations and my sojourn at the varwious fashionable wesorts, to observe how verwy generwal was the pwactice of wearwing these verwy bwight gems.

Everwybody with any pwetensions to wespectability, and a gweat many who are even far wemoved fwom that categorwy, appeared to indulge in this peculi-ah fashion, until it became in my sight perfectly distwessing, and had quite a depwessing effect on my spwrits.

Undah some circumstances, I do not object to diamonds. I wathah like to see women wearwing them on gwand occasions. I appwove of a tiarwa at a state ball, when carwied gwacefully by a well-pweserved and decent peerwess; nor do I object to them at dinnah-parties and at such festivities; but the pwomis-cuous and weckless mannah in which diamonds are worn he-ah is to me positively disagweeable.

Jack Carnegie says that the moment an Amerwican has a few maw dollahs than he can find immediate use faw, he immediately pwceeds to lay out the sum in diamonds, in ordah that everwybody may know how aw wich he is. If he is a vulgah-minded fellow—and a successful Amerwican verwy fwrequently is—he will invest in a large stone, and stick it in his shirt-fwont, and swaggah about with it, as much as to say: "See how much wicchah I am than any of you othah fellows."

Flash hotel-clerks, wowdy politicians and belligerwent bar-keepahs pwincipally indulge in this aw luxurwy. They wear their parwures all day long, and I have n't the slightest doubt that they wetire to west with them stuck in their wobes. This is barbarwic, and worthy of Afwican savages, in point of taste; although, perwhaps, there is less blame to be attached to the wowdies than to bettah bwed and bettah educated men, who ought to have maw naturwal wefinement than to habitually wear ostentatiously these stones in glitterwing wings, or as elaborwate studs about their garments.

In women it is a twifle less objectionable, but not in a verwy gweat degwee. My mothah sent Mrs. Fitznoodle, when we were marwied, a wathah handsome set of bwilliants; but neithah my wife nor my maternal parwent woud evah dweam faw a moment of coming down to bwakfast in such things, or wearwing them about the house or in the stweets, or in attending to any descriptiow of domestic duties.

He-ah, many people measure the worth and wespectability of their neighbahs by the size of their diamonds; and if each young woman does not happen to have a pair of good-sized solitaire earwings, she is looked down upon as inferwiah by maw fortunate possessahs aw.

The diamond, although it is wathah expensive, is, in my opinion, wathah a widiculows and unsatisfactorwy kind of gem aw.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

DAMFINO!

CABINET CONTROVERSIES.

RECENT TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES FROM WASHINGTON TO SOME OF OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES AND TO PUCK.

TO THE *New York Herald*:

Have just interviewed Secretary Blaine. He informs me that he has quitted the Cabinet for ever in consequence of Secretary Kirkwood and Attorney-General McVeagh having put a mendacious placard on his back. I inspected the placard in question, but found nothing on it, but this does not lessen insult. It is not known who will be Secretary Blaine's successor, but ex-Senator Conkling is doubtless the man. Blaine has always been unpopular with his colleagues.

TO THE *Morning Kelly*:

A serious split has taken place in the Cabinet. Secretary Hunt will positively resign to-morrow. A conspiracy against him was headed by Secretary Lincoln, who placed a bent pin in the cushion of Mr. Hunt's favorite office chair, with the usual result. There is great excitement, and it is said that the vacant post will be offered to Conkling.

TO THE *Political Shilela's*:

The Cabinet has entirely gone to pieces. Yesterday morning Postmaster James presented Secretary Kirkwood with a fine looking cigar, which, on being lit by that gentleman, exploded with tremendous force, shaking the building to its foundation. Nobody was hurt, but Mr. James sat down and laughed fiendishly at the scare he had given the Secretary of the Interior.

TO THE *Daily Trimmer*:

There are still rumors of renewed dissensions in the Cabinet. The feeling between Secretary Windom and Attorney-General W. McVeagh is very strong. This afternoon Mr. McVeagh was brutally attacked by Secretary Windom, who offered him a chair in the politest manner, and then suddenly drew it away. Mr. McV.'s feelings are severely hurt.

TO THE *Morning Guesser*:

It is impossible that Mr. James can remain any longer in the Cabinet. He has been grossly insulted by Secretary Blaine, who, after making some inquiries relative to going to a certain ball, put his fist right into Mr. James's face, giving him at the same time a gentle pat on the back. Mr. James has telegraphed to ex-Senator Conkling for advice.



TO PUCK [Information guaranteed.]:

There has never been such a happy lot of fellows as the members of the present Cabinet. The only trouble about them is that there is too much unanimity. They work, laugh, and joke all day long, and are the concentrated essence of contentment. It seems as if they were all created for each other's society. There are no dissensions, no bickerings, and good feeling and brotherhood reign supreme. The number of first-class cigars consumed at the Cabinet meetings is quite prodigious.

FREE-LUNCH.

GOING UP THE LADDER.

"Lives of great men all remind us
Life is not an empty dream,
Except at times, when those behind us
Pass us by and "take the cream."

"FALL styles," said the farmer, looking at his fence which had fallen down.

THE habit of tying a dog's tail to a tin can ought to be stopped. It's hard on the can.

THE process of curing things with salt is hundreds of years old. We believe the first instance is when Lot's wife was cured.

"I DON'T like the rain," said Mrs. Evergreen. "I can't go out when it rains." "I should think not," said Carrington; "it would wash all the Regina Victoria bloom off her face."

WAINWRIGHT, who stutters, is surprised when he hears people call him aesthetic. He says it is too-too bad.

"I SEE they want live agents," said farmer Jones, glancing up from his paper. "I don't see how it is they ain't all dead with the whippings they get around here."

"PADDLE your own canoe," as the Chicago girl said, when she refused to lend her shoe to her little brother when he wanted it for a boat to play in the puddle in the back yard.

TIM KICK.

ELM CITY.

There's a city (from the trees) named Elm;
These trees are a sight, so great is their height,
But for various reasons they felm;
And long before neight, though high as a keight,
Into blocks they will saw'm and sel'm.

SEE WORCESTER.

There was a party, named Vaughan,
Who used to incessantly yaughan;
When they said—"This won't do!"
He replied—"So would you,
If you had to get up before daughan."

A timid young laundress, named Majoribanks,
Washed duds in a tub made of lajori-planks;
As she made triple mail
Of her husband's shirt-tail,
He smiled sweetly, and murmured—"No strajori, thanks."

A venturesome skipper, named Brougham,
Attempted to sail round a simougham;
He sailed, and he sailed,
But he utterly failed;—(long pause.)
He's now up the heavenly flougham.

C. E. W.

SQUIGGINS'S CHANGES.

YOUNG MR. SQUIGGINS is a man who is always reading on the subject of phenomena. Anything that is the least bit curious, or out of the way, absorbs his thought, and throws him into a brown study, which makes him oblivious of, and indifferent to, everything going on about him. The other evening, just as the ice-cream bell began to jingle itself out of tune on the balmy solitude, etc., Mr. Squiggins's attention was attracted to an article in *Notes and Queries* bearing the rather paradoxical title "Human Trees." He read the paper with great interest and delight, and believed it to be one of the most remarkable revelations he had ever encountered in a long and flowery experience in the pursuit and study of phenomena.

It seems, according to the article in *Notes and Queries*, that, in the central part of India, there dwells a tribe of good-natured nomads, known as the Punjabkeeks. The great peculiarity of the Punjabkeeks seems to lie in their power to disguise themselves as trees, or stones, or other objects at a moment's notice, as a means of escape. The story in *N. and Q.* was to the effect that a British cavalry officer, at the head of a number of men, pursued a band of these savages for the commission of some trivial crime, and was rapidly overtaking them, when they became satisfied that they would be captured, and ran behind a huge pile of rocks.

When the soldiers came up they could see nothing whatever of the pursued. There was not a Punjabkeek, or the slightest vestige, hint or suggestion of Punjabkeek in the vicinity. They looked at each other in dismay, and became frightened at the unaccountable disappearance of the natives.

They could find nothing but small trees, which seemed to wax zephyrous at intervals; and one of the soldiers hung his knapsack, as he thought, on a limb, which turned out to be a man's arm. The owner of the arm burst into a loud laugh, and all the trees got up, ran away, and were out of sight before the soldiers could recover from their surprise.

This story made a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of Mr. Squiggins. He seemed to entertain doubts of its veracity, but determined to try the scheme himself.

He believed, if he could turn himself into various things, he would have an immense advantage over the average man, so he read the article over and over, cut it out for his scrapbook, and made up his mind, and determined to make an experiment on the spot.

The Squiggins have a red-haired girl in their employ, and she is enjoying the company of a neighboring coachman with matrimony as the basis. Mr. Squiggins having been informed by his sister, who is truthful and the teacher of a Sunday-school class, that lovers like to be alone, made up his mind to go into the kitchen softly and turn himself into some article in that department, and see all the fun.

If he was not recognized by them he thought he might justly consider himself a success. He stole in behind them, and turned himself into a chair.

They were looking out of the window at the moonlit lawn, her head resting upon his shoulder, his arm around her waist, &c.

"We'll be married wan of those days?" he said, as he let fly a huge avalanche of tobacco juice on the mat, and wiped it in with his foot.

"Faith, we will!" responded the gentle yanker of saucerpans, as she slung off a couple of *al fresco* grins.

Mr. Squiggins just thought it about the biggest joke he'd ever struck in his life, for they turned around and looked right at him, and he said: "Foy not sit down?"

She thought favorably of the scheme, and

they skipped across the room, the Irishman taking a seat on Mr. Squiggins, whom he believed to be a chair. Squiggins suffered some, but was willing to, as it was in the cause of discovery. Then the lover, who weighed about one hundred and fifty, settled himself, and the cook sat upon his knee and palpitated with rapture.

Mr. Squiggins thought this rough usage, but he was more pained than ever, when the Irishman, wishing to change his position for comfort, tipped Mr. Squiggins's back against the wall, and put his feet on his teeth, which he believed to be a rung.

The mud soon began to set in on Mr. Squiggins's palate, and his tongue was swollen until it looked like a porgie. The lover got off him to get a drink of water, and the self-constituted chair stole noiselessly out. He determined to suffer any amount of torture, for he was sure he was a success; so, after rinsing the lover's boots out of his mouth, he sneaked back and turned himself into a coal scuttle. He had not been in this state of transformation for a longer period than two minutes, when Mr. Maguire walked over and let fly a current of tobacco juice about a yard long. It went into the scuttle, or rather right down Mr. Squiggins's neck, soaking him to the heels, and almost blinding him. Then he changed himself into a barrel that stood by the door, and when, ten minutes later, the cook emptied a pail of swill into him, he had about the sourest stomach in that vicinity.

He now believed the story in *Notes and Queries* to be veracious, yea, verily even unto the minutest details, and he also thought that he would not try any more experiments in the kitchen. He had about all the kitchen he cared to have in his; so he went out on the piazza, and changed himself into a long, narrow table, in which none of the Squiggins characteristics could be detected. Presently the Judge and the lovely Mrs. F. came in from a moonlight ramble with some friends, and saw the table. They had never seen it before, and couldn't account for its presence. But the Judge said, as it was there, they might as well have a quiet little game of euchre. As Squiggins began to grin all over at the joke, the cards were produced. Every time the Judge would rap on the table, the wind would be knocked out of Squiggins, and, as the Judge rapped very often, Squiggins was black and blue long before the game was ended.

At the conclusion of the game the Judge, who has a world-wide reputation as a lotus eater, began to howl for roast clams and coffee, to be served on the piazza. These delicacies were soon brought, and when the hot clams were laid upon Mr. Squiggins he thought Gehenna had been reached; and when Mrs. F. spilled some boiling coffee on him, it soaked into his ribs and made him wish he were dead. And then drinks were set on him, and, as he couldn't taste them, he felt meaner than an ice cream pedler during a cold snap in August.

When they had gone into the house, he retired and poulticed himself, but felt jubilant over his success, as he was confident he would be able to earn a fortune as a detective.

On the following day he saw a young man sitting in a summer house with a beautiful girl for whom he cherished a high regard. He wanted to know what they were talking about, and if the other fellow was getting on the good side of her. So he dodged behind trees until he got right beside the summer house, when he turned himself into a rose geranium and listened for all he was worth.

"You don't mean it, when you say you love me better than any one else in the world."

"I swear it, Pink; your sweet white hand in mine I trust you give me forever—"

Mr. Squiggins saw her lovely eyes flash and a hectic flush suffuse her soft warm cheek, and was going to jump up and make a noise, when a honey-bee lit on his ear, which looked like a red blossom, and stung him to the quick. He just squirmed with pain, and a goat came up and bit a great chunk out of him, under the impression that it was getting something green and fresh in the way of vegetable matter. Mr. Squiggins immediately turned into himself, or rather disgeraniumed himself, and fled for the house, howling like the mate of a Mississippi steamboat, and tearing up lots of dust.

On the following day he recovered from his agony, and turned himself into a stove, and had a fire built in him. It took him quite a while to get over the effects of this adventure, as the fire charred his interior somewhat, and it took about six bottles of olive oil to take the edge off. The oil at first made him sick, but he got away with it by turning himself into a plate of salad. Then one of the children came along, and would have eaten him had he not unsaladed himself with great dispatch.

After he got well, the old fever returned, and he went out and turned himself into a post, and was grinning all over when some one tied a balky horse to him. The horse had not been fastened to him more than ten minutes, when he raised his head in the air with such force that Mr. Squiggins was hauled from the ground like a shot, and swung around like a pair of socks in a hurricane, and almost had his head yanked off. The horse held him, and swung him around for some seconds; and when Mr. Squiggins's pulse got down to 10½, he managed to extricate himself.

That was his last transformation. He has abandoned that scheme for ever, and has also asked the publishers of *Notes and Queries* not to send him their dashed infernal sheet any more, although it is yet due him for ten months. He has also weakened somewhat on phenomena, and now swears by the rational.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



A BRIEF ABSTRACT THEREOF, ELUCIDATING THE IDEA, CONVEYED IN THE MUSIC. PROVIDED BY OUR DOUBLE WAGNERIAN COMPOSITOR.

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us." This has been remedied by a New York hatter, who puts a small mirror in each hat.—PUCK. Is this an intimation that New York people have eyes in the top of their heads?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

No, our Hub-Punch friend, it is an intimation that New Yorkers look in the hats they take up, in order to see that they have their own—a thought that would never occur to a Bostonian.

BOTH SIDES.

[The following was originally written by a worn-out, vacationless clerk, but some pirate, probably the victim of a summer-resort fiend, has interspersed the verses and lines with some of his own productions. The concluding stanzas had to be expunged on account of the promiscuous profanity of the "off-fellow."]

Sweet lassitude,
It is a book, a hammock, and a fan;
It is a seal-brown, languishing Havana;
It is the small suggestion of a tan,
Attained while roving some serene savanna.

(It is a yawn or two, a waltz, a yell,
A hand that slaps illusory mosquitoes;
A hopeless wish to colonize a well,
And place on sweat innumerable vetoes.)

Sweet lassitude,
It is to list the summer flute of Pan;
It is to know the paths that knew Diana;
To drug remorse to sleep, to banish man,
And castles build while peeling a banana.

(It is a shirt split clean across the back;
It is a neck alive with caterpillars;
A vengeful soul that prompts the fierce attack
Upon a million night-tormenting "millers.")

Sweet lassitude,
It is the mauve of Life's chromatic plan—
(To "mash" some farmer's freckled daughter
Hannah)

A careless driftwood dream that floats a span—
(To eat rye-bread and fancy it is manna.)

EDWARD WICK.

FAIR, BUT SLANGY.

A TALE OF SURPASSING GRANDEUR.

Containing a Sadly True Regurgitation Incident.

BY WM. K. EV—RTS,

Author of "The Bellipotent Belligerent," "The Bemoanable Tale of the Two Simonides," "Meretricious Musings," and other Popular Tales.

"All sights and sounds were hushed,
The hills seemed further, and the streams sang low,"

And but for the roar of the trains on the 'L' road [the scene of our narrative is laid in the Bowery, New York City], the rumble of a few hundred wagons and trucks, the yells of sundry newsboys and notion-venders, the whistles and bells of the boats in the adjacent river, and a certain confused, frustrating, not-to-be-accounted-for hum that was omnipresent, the silence would have been painful in its intensity.

It lacked scarcely four seconds to 2:17 o'clock P. M., when our hero, J. Eucalyptus Mongolfin Smith, seemingly fresh from the hands of his tonsorial artist, and few days more remotely returned from a trip to Coney Island, or somewhere else where the sun is hot, paused on the front platform of a down-town-bound car to address a remark of an interlocutory character to the fiduciary guider of the equines, and to retie, and more artistically arrange, his necktie, ferruginous in hue. He noted, as the comprehensive mind will note, that the driver in question performed his miniardizing duties in but a perfunctory manner, and then stepped from the car. An instant more and he had gained the sidewalk.

There are moments in life that are great with ethnological impulse, with action, with expanding emotions, with ratiocination in its highest and most unrestrained form, when, whatever the cause, the soul seems to fly into cerebral cerements, and, with an acervation of all its powers, to carry Thought on the pinions of Destiny to the macrocosmic Zenith.

Such a moment, such an infinitesimal cycle of time was approaching J. Eucalyptus Mongolfin Smith in the person of an ovate-subulate body—a seemingly semi-inchoate compound of telluric substrata and millinery art—in other words, and more plainly, a young lady, dressed in the prevailing fashion.

THE KING OF DESTROYERS.



THE REAL IRISH INFERNAL MACHINE.

Though somewhat consenescent, J. Eucalyptus Mongolfin Smith still retained sufficient perspicacity to observe that she glanced up and down the street in a puzzled manner. Summoning all his varied powers, as she arrived in immediate propinquity, he inquired, with a politeness, now, alas! unknown to the average citizen, or, if known, wilfully relegated to the yezdegerdian period:

"Madame, have you lost your way?"

Once a year, at St. Peter's, in Rome, occurs what is known as "The Golden Illumination," when that magnificent building is lighted from floor to dome with thousands of glittering tapers, which flash glowing splendor back from burnished metal and polished woodwork and snowy statue. With almost equal radiance beamed J. Eucalyptus Mongolfin Smith's countenance as he put the question. But as the gloomy outlines of the cathedral aforesaid loom blackly up against the sky when the before-mentioned lights are extinguished, so glowered the countenance of our hero when the fair unknown responded as follows, viz.:

"Not-this-aft'noon—s'mother-aft'noon—god-aft'oon."

J. Eucal., etc., then lit out.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

Last week's *Sun* gave us the following startling news:

GREAT BEND, Kan., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Liberty Ratcliff, living three miles south of town, committed suicide to-day, by taking strychnine. She lived two hours. Her age was about twenty years, and she was married a year ago. Since the age of twelve she had been trying to write a novel, and became so absorbed in it that her husband threatened to burn the manuscript. When he went out to do some chores she took the fatal dose.

Any other woman would have finished her novel and have sent it to the editor of an enterprising daily or weekly. The reading of the novel undoubtedly would have killed him on the spot, and so caused a nice opening for a go-ahead young man in the journalistic line. But Mrs. Ratcliff was a noble woman, and most of the novel writers should follow her heroic example.

IN THE STOCKS.

Some time ago, in a despondent hour,

I found that it would seriously tax all
My skill to make a living out of flour,
So very flat were "Golden Drop" and "Haxall;"
And, while immersed in dreamy meditation,
I thought, "By Jove, I'll try stock speculation!"

I purchased Grand Pacific very low

(At twenty-nine and some odd fraction);
There was no telling how high it would go
When it had overcome the late reaction.

In visions sweet, through fancy's vapors dim seen,
I saw myself a Vanderbilt or Jim Keene.

"I am in luck! My money was well spent!"

I thought, exalted to the seventh heaven,
When, in a bull boom, Grand Pacific went
From thirty up to eighty-six or seven.

I scorned the flour-trade, and, inspired by new hope,
Began to plan aesthetic tours in Europe.

But I held on too long—the bubble burst—

And then there came a panic most terrific.

Ere I knew things were bad, they reached their worst,

And down to fifteen tumbled Grand Pacific.

So, while I struggled, very much dismayed,

My trade in stocks used up my stock in trade.

I mortgaged house and store, from roof to ground,

I scraped together cash, some way or other,

Thinking to get it back; but I soon found

I'd nothing but my margin to "re-cover,"

And I could hardly find a profit large in

Repeated calls to "send us on more margin."

Well, finally my ruin was complete,

And I am now a humble railroad stoker.

Yet, in a sense, I might be on the street,

For I am manifestly a "dead broker,"

And this road where I toil, coal-smouched and dirty,

Is Grand Pacific—shares, two hundred thirty!

M. P.

THIRD EDITION!
PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.



READY FOR THE "HERALD'S" LOVE FAST—

UCK.



FAST—BUT THE FEASTERS WON'T COME.

OUR CONVENIENT DRUG STORES.



LADY.—“WON'T SOMEBODY HOLD TOMMY, SO HE WON'T CRY? AND PET FIDELE A MINUTE, SO SHE WON'T HOWL? AND—THANKS—AND GIVE ME A TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMP—AND PUT IT ON, PLEASE—IT'S SO NASTY TO BE OBLIGED TO LICK THEM—THANKS!”

TO M. S.

Long I listened for your footfall,
And, while I strained my eyes to see,
You came and vanished like a vision,
Without thought or look for me.

Long, long will I remember
Those eyes of beautiful hue,
Queenly head and noble figure,
And your neatly-fitting shoe.

Scarce a rival have you,
For all of them confess
(However much they may dislike it)
None are equal to Maud S.

HENRY DUNBAR.

SMALL BOYS.

IN this world there are two kinds of boys—the real and the ideal. One exists in flesh and blood, and makes himself felt—the other exists in books, and is held up as a paragon of all that is good, sweet, gentle and kind. One seems to be put into the world to make a noise, and ask questions; the other seems to be put into binding to show live boys how nice it is to be endowed with impossible virtues. If the boy in the book were made to act like the average boy we meet in life, the book would immediately be denounced as a publication reeking with vile, unwholesome sentiment. On the other hand, if it were possible to influence boys by these book-hero examples, they would lose all their real character and develop into a set of puny, non-sustaining cake-eaters. They would be so weak, that their wives would get the upper hand of them, and demand the airy spring-bonnet, club in hand, and the American girl would be perfectly justified in going abroad in quest of the ever popular count. The ideal boy is a sentimental creation, lacking sinew, and all the qualities that go to make a genuine man; he would be the circus lemonade of beings, if he had enough lemon. He seems to display a mournful lack of completion, and would be perfect if he only wore dresses and cried at the faintest glimpse of a mouse.

Now, the real boy—the fiend who is always originating mischief; the fiend who makes day hideous, and would make night worse, if he could get along without sleep; the fiend who faces any kind of danger in search of excitement, and fears nothing that breathes, if he can get a decent start; the fiend who is regarded as a fiend and a collapse of all that is beautiful and good—generally amounts to something and is heard from.

There are hundreds of ways in which the ideal and the real boy differ. Even their style of conversation goes to show that they are as foreign and totally unlike as any two things can be. During a game of base-ball, as played in the book, the first-baseman shouts to the short-stop: “Cast the ball home swiftly, Freddie;” but in a real game of base-ball, in a similar situation, the first-baseman would be more likely to scream: “Hey, there, Redney, sock her home.” In the book, the delicate boy asks his mother if she thinks it's warm enough for swimming, and—

The above spirited lines were written by an uneducated Indian, after taking McSwiggin's Inspiration Cocktail for four weeks. The Inspiration Cocktail is a purely harmless temperance drink, which will make an essayist in a month, and a double-movement slinger of epic poems in six weeks. It is a pleasant budge, and is recommended by Oscar Wilde and others famous in the lyric trade. For sale by all grocers and cheap restaurants.—*Adv.*, and don't you forget it.

A MODERN LEANDER.

HE nothing is, if not aquatic!
A swimming-match his being's aim is.
He views with sneer and scorn emphatic
Each whom a rival in his fame is.

His limbs amphibious are his glory,
He always, too, in fighting trim is,
Like those of old, renowned in story,
And then his motto “sink or swim” is.

His very smile is something fishy.
His eyes expressionless and stolid.
A water-cress and glass of Vichy
His luncheon is. He dines more solid.

All social gods and laws he hateth,
And beauty's claims disclaims. In short, he
Paradoxically rateth
Nothing nice that isn't nauti!

Ambitious only to be gainer
By force of arms—and legs—the prize,
Held forth to each would-be attainer,
To him therein all honor lies.

He takes his plunge, unflinching quite
As stern, uncompromising Nero;
The stake-boat is his beacon-light,
A golden medal is his Hero.

KEITH MCCLEOD.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Julian Magnus has become a member of the Union Square Company.

Mr. Rudolf Bial does not look a bit as if he had been sick, as he nightly conducts that excellent orchestra of his at the METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL.

Mr. J. B. Polk, who is an excellent comedian so long as he remains in his line, evokes much laughter by his performance in “The Strategists,” at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

We don't know what is going to be done at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, when “The Professor” shows some signs of subsiding, but let us hope it won't be “Hazel Kirke”—not that it isn't a good play in its way—but we fear we could not stand it for another year.

Messrs. Pond and Bachert are the gentlemen who will “manage” Miss Clara Louise Kellogg the coming season. Clara is in clover in having her old manager, Major Pond, to look after her interests. He will personally direct the tour of the “Great American Prima Donna,” which is to begin next month.

There is a good deal of fun and some horse play in “Rooms for Rent,” at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, and the sentiment in the last part attempted to be extracted by means of a stuffed doll baby is not impressive—but the farce has sufficient merit to justify its being made thoroughly acceptable to audiences who believe to some extent in the preservation of the dramatic unities.

At DALY'S THEATRE we have renewed acquaintance with our old friend “Cinderella at School,” with Miss Laura Joyce, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss May Fielding, and Messrs. Lewis, Bell and Leclercq, and all the scrumptious school girls. The play whets our appetite for other good things which are to be produced at this house during the season, which, we hope, will be a prosperous one.

Signor Ernesto Rossi, the super-eminent Italian tragedian, will be on hand some time next month, and on Mr. C. A. Chizzola falls the responsibility of exhibiting him to the American people. We know that Americans will like Signor Rossi, because he's such a favorite of all the crowned heads of Europe—we always enjoy our artists that way. There will be much more to say about this distinguished gentleman and the company that is to support him, but we shall say it not this time, some other time.

It is probable that Signor Brizzi, the great Italian tootist on the cornet, will visit this country during the coming season. Signor Brizzi enjoys a very high reputation in Europe. The tone and expression of his playing are said to be unapproachable by any other performer. Rosini, who admired him exceedingly, is credited with having said that Brizzi would certainly be engaged to sound the last trumpet on the Day of Judgement. Signor Brizzi, although he plays the cornet, is not a Nihilist. He is under engagement to Mr. C. A. Chizzola.

“Smiff” is the name of Mr. George F. Rowe's original, æsthetic, extravagant and spectacular musical comedy in three acts, with which the season opened on Monday at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. No expense has been spared for music, scenery and costumes. The last are very elaborate and beautiful, and are quite too awfully correctly classic for anything—so classic, indeed, that the Harvard youngsters are thinking of getting up another Greek play to take the shine out of them. “Smiff” serves to introduce several new aspirants for public favor—we believe that is the correct phrase—and it will fall to our lot to say something about them and the piece itself in our next number.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Who told her that?

LITTLE BILLY BAREFOOT.—We don't want to have you come pattering about this office; not if you bring your poems with you, or you'll patter down a hoistway and dislocate your muse.

WALT. COOPER.—We are much obliged to you, sweet friend; but the clipping is of prehistoric antiquity, and won't do for reproduction outside of a history of antediluvian ages.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. VI.—Our Next-door Neighbors.

EVERYBODY knows that neighborly sociability does not prevail in the city. There you may live next door to your aunt for a number of years, and not become aware of that fact, even though in the meanwhile you should make numerous visits to your uncle. In the country, however, neighborly sociability is a fixed and sacred institution; and, of course, we found some of it in Plaintown.

Now to the North of our rural home was the house of our nearest neighbor, situated at about three hundred feet from our mansion. According to the etiquette prevailing in Plaintown, our neighbors should have called upon us almost immediately after our arrival; but we afterwards learned that they, like ourselves, were city-bred, and so they had failed to comply with the rules governing the etiquette of Plaintown.

Of course, my wife and I had discussed our next-door neighbors, and had mapped out their characters to our satisfaction. I may add that, when we formed their acquaintance, we found that the man resembled our picture of the woman, while the lady bore a very distinct resemblance to our mental photograph of her husband.

One evening in June, when it was so uncommonly hot that the prospect of simmering in bed was not at all attractive, my wife and I were sitting in the parlor. I was making the lives of our friends, the mosquitoes, miserable by deluging them with smoke, while Mrs. Lot was heating the greater part of her body by fanning her face. Suddenly the door-bell sounded. I waited to see if the door would get up and open itself; which it didn't. I then suggested to Mrs. Lot that it might be burglars, and that it would be a cool thing to let them stay there. That admirable woman simply remarked:

"Don't be a fool! Go to the door," which I did.

Arriving at the door and opening it, I found our next-door neighbor of the male persuasion there. He mildly apologized for intruding at such an hour, and asked if he could see my wife; I suggested, as gently as I could, that I thought I was equal to any emergency, which Mrs. Lot could properly tackle; but he insisted that it was my wife he desired to see; so I led the way to the parlor. With a coolness which on such a night was really refreshing, he marched up to the lady of my house, and indulged in some conversation in a low tone, evidently not designed for my ears. When he had finished,

"Certainly," said my wife, "I'll go at once."

Then our next-door neighbor strolled away, and my wife went up stairs for her hat and shawl. When she again entered the parlor, I said:

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing serious," said she, "and you needn't sit up for me."

Then she left the house. I sat down and tried to think the matter out. Had my wife eloped with our next-door neighbor? was the first question suggested. If she had—visions of old-fashioned sport, good times with the boys, and unlimited night keys floated before my mind. Where would they probably go? Here my reflections were broken by the sound of the door-bell. I opened the door; there stood the self-same next-door neighbor.

"I haven't got any other wife," said I.

"Oh," said he, "I only came in to sit with you."

I invited him in at once.

"It's wrong," said he, "to send a man away when his wife is so sick."

"Cheer up!" said I. "Take a little of the cup that cheers, but doesn't inebriate," and I passed the whiskey bottle.

I concluded at once that his wife had had a sudden attack of cholera morbus.

"Why," said I, "everybody gets over those things. You will have them in the best regulated families. Look at me! I've recovered from it at least a dozen times."

Then our next-door neighbor guffawed so vigorously that, though I couldn't detect anything funny in my remark, I concluded that he had cheered up. So I passed the bottle again, and we fell to talking about stocks and politics, and to passing the bottle. Finally, I was telling a very good story with an admirable point, when, just as I was about to reach the point, I distinctly heard a snore from the occupant of the chair in which my neighbor was seated. Hospitality required that I should go and do likewise; so I dropped the point of my story and fell fast asleep. The next thing I heard was my wife's voice. She was remarking to our next-door neighbor that his wife was all right now, and that he might go home.

"Has she got over her cholera morbus?" yawned I.

At this my wife and our neighbor laughed, and then he went home.

"Don't you see," said my wife, "what's the matter?"

"See!" said I. "How can a man see before his eyes are open? Was it cholera, my dear?"

"Cholera!" ejaculated she. "What a stupid you must be."

"That's right, my dear," said I: "call me a Dogberry, write me down an ass!"

"So I will," replied she, "if you will persist in being one."

Then my wife left the room in disgust. I must confess that all those things gave me a very bad impression of our neighbor. What right had he to come into my house at such an hour, and keep me up all night, and then raise a disturbance between my wife and me? How did he dare to give me ecstatic visions of Mrs. Lot's elopement, and then return her on my hands? If his wife had not had the cholera morbus, what had she had? It could not have been the small-pox, or the measles, or the scarlet fever, because these things generally last much longer. And, if it was indigestion, when the disease afflicts a female, don't they always call it the cholera morbus? It must have been the morbus. I was inclined to investigate the matter more thoroughly at the breakfast-table; but as Mrs. Lot was particularly good-natured, I said nothing about our neighbors. As I returned to my house in the afternoon, I saw a man carrying a cradle into our next-door neighbor's house. A flood of light burst upon me. When I met my wife, I remarked:

"My dear, I think our next-door neighbor has lengthened his family tree."

"Any one in his senses would have seen that long ago," responded my estimable rib.

And that was the secret; our next-door neighbor's wife had not had the morbus, but she had had a baby.

Oh! what a life that baby led me. There was a vacant lot between our houses; our windows were necessarily open during the summer nights, and our neighbor's windows were in a similar condition. Such squalling, bawling, crying, sighing as that infant did no one can imagine. And, the worst of it was that, we might just as well have had the baby ourselves. If I had been up all night, walking the floor with it, I could not have been more wearied than I was when I rose in the morning. Heaven forbid that the curses which I launched at that child should ever reach it! However,

the baby led to great results. Our family and our neighbor's family became fast friends. We teated together, dined on friendly terms, and junketed together often, veracious accounts of which proceedings will be set down in these pages. In fact, we have become such great cronies, that we look forward to the time when my boy shall espouse our neighbor's morbus—I mean baby.

PUCK ON WHEELS.—This diminutive, cherub-like individual, elevated upon his bicycle in a precarious attitude, but seemingly in nowise discomposed thereat, while scattering to the winds a wealth of fun and laughter, will be welcomed by many with his volume No. 2. The contents of this will be found extremely varied, and the information reliable, while many tales therein recited are affecting unto tears. For instance, "An Area Idyll" teems with pathos; such as,

"He was a poor and ragged tramp,
His hat was bad, his shoes were damp."

The reference to damp shoes is very touching.

Then the Sunday-school story of how a Dyak was converted by enthusiastic missionaries; and the narrative of "Caddie Corisande, the Courtly Cash-Girl of Chatham Street," by the author of "The Poisoned Peanut," etc., and many others, all give evidence of brilliant literary talent; while the suggestion of ice-boating as a summer sport seems singularly *apropos*.—*Potter's Monthly*.

We are favored this week with a visit of the loyal PUCK in the shape of a copy of the little Cupid "On Wheels." It has not to be repeated over and over again that PUCK is unexcelled, as well in this country as abroad, for moral wit and humor. The *Fliegende Blätter* and *Kladderadatsch* cannot even compete with PUCK. The number before us contains more fun and a larger variety of humorous engravings than a whole volume of *Harper's Weekly*.—*Jewish South*.

No. 2 of PUCK ON WHEELS, Keppler & Schwarzmann's annual extravaganza, shows their clever creation on a bicycle, at the head of a long train of witty and humorous articles, by the versatile corps of writers who fill the pages of PUCK weekly. There is more entertainment in this sprightly collection than in many a bigger volume with more pretension to be funny.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*.

We acknowledge the receipt of PUCK ON WHEELS No. 2, although, as far as we can see, it is a No. 1 publication in every sense of the word. There is nothing of the sickly sentimental about it, barring the slightly bi-sickly appearance of the front cover. It is just the book to take along to the mountains or sea-shore.—*Cambridge Tribune*.

PUCK ON WHEELS is now going round the country on his annual tour, and is doing his missionary work by making everybody laugh who reads. There is a somewhat common notion that PUCK ON WHEELS is simply a rehash of the weekly PUCK, which is a delusion and a snare. It is all fresh and very funny.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

PUCK ON WHEELS is on hand this year, and, like his predecessor, is "an amosin' little cuss." It contains novels, tragedies, comedies, poems, æsthetics, jokes, moral persuasives and humorous pictures. The pictures by Wales, Oppen, Keppler, and others, are of course very funny.—*Brooklyn Daily Times*.

PUCK is brilliant not only "On Wheels," but on general principles.—*Camden Daily Post*.

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Night was hideous without CASTORIA;
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THE MAD, MAD MUSE.

Out on the margin of moonshine land,
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs,
Out where the whing-whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail on the sand,
And swiping it out with his oogerish hand;
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Is it the gibber of gungs and keeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.
Or what is the sound that the whing-whang
seeks,
Crouching low by the winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Annoint him the wealthiest of wraithy things!
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.
'Tis a fair whing-whangess with phosphor rings,
And bridal jewels of fangs and stings,
And she sits, and as sadly and softly sings,
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings,
Tickle me, dear:

Tickle me here:
Tickle me, love, in me lonesome ribs!
—Bob Burdette after Swinburne.

THAT animated flirtation ground, Monterey, has this season boasted a bewildering variety of toilets—with feminine forms within—but alas! cry the dear creatures, to what end? The scarcity of young men at that watering place this year, with the exception of the holiday week, is confirmed by the testimony of one of the young men himself. He says: On entering the ball-room of the Del Monte, he encountered the hungry gaze of two score pairs of female eyes fixed steadily upon him. Though not at all inclined to stint the measure of his attentions to the softer sex, the first thought that arose in his mind was, "Thank you, my dears, but I'm afraid there isn't enough of me to go round," and, dreading utter annihilation if he stayed too long, cut short his visit.

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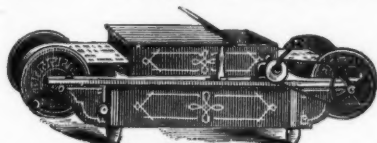
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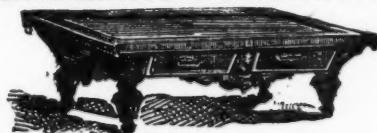
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WITHIN a palace gaunt and gray,
Silent and comfortless he lay—
The Czar, who feared each stealthy tread,
And whispered, as he jumped from bed,
"Whatwasthatovichikoff?"

No echo broke the fearful gloom
That guarded well that living tomb;
'Twas but a dream that woke the Czar,
And echo caught his words, "By gar!
Whatwasthatovichikoff?"

"What, ho, there, guard, did you not hear
A sound?"—the monarch shook with fear.
"Nay, Sire, all's well, the gates are barred.
The only living sound I heard
Wasitthatgaveakoffovich."
—Andrews's American Queen.

"HAVE you 'Watts on the Mind?'" solemnly asks a clerical-looking old gent of the roguish damsel behind the counter. "No, sir," she answered, "but I have nine on one hand and two on the other. Are you a wart doctor, sir?" O. G. goes out, lamenting the dreadful ignorance of the youth of the present day.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

AN Indiana minister has eloped with his daughter-in-law. If this is the encouragement young men who marry to please their fathers are to receive, it's time the thing was stopped.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

SPEAKING about cats, we knew a cat once that was killed by a violinist, but the next day this catgut out of its grave, and came back to the surprised musician with its tombstone in its mouth.—*Laramie City Boomerang.*

[Jackson (Mich.) Daily Patriot.]

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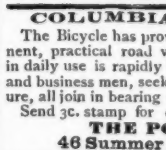
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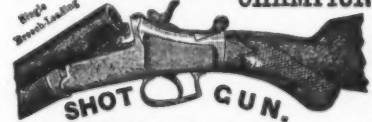
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"SUCH an infernal set of cheats I never saw before!" That's what the ward politician said of the opposition. "We voted twice apiece all round, but they voted as many as five times each, and such confounded corruption as that was too much for me. I bolted the caucus." — *Boston Post.*

WHEN he returned to his seat in the theatre, and said he had just stepped out to see some one, she gravely responded: "It must have been the Evil One;" and when the young man asked "if she saw the cloven foot," she turned up her pretty nose and said, "No, but I smell the clove in breath." — *Unknown Ex.*

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[Washington Critic.]
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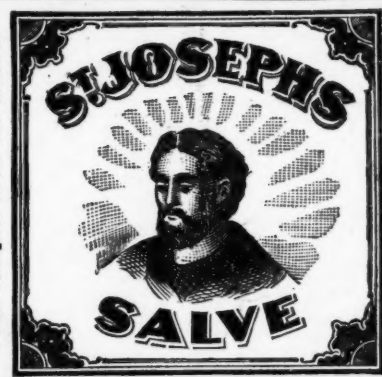
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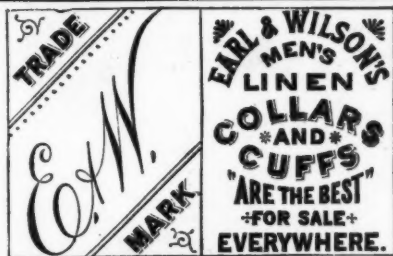
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One may fritter away his existence in chasing the follies of our day and generation, and have naught to look back upon but a choice assortment of robust regrets, but if he will stop in his mad career to read an English pun, his attention will be called to the solemn thought that life is after all but a tearful journey to the tomb.

Death and disaster on every hand may fail to turn the minds of a thoughtless world to serious matters, but when the London funny man grapples with a particularly skittish and evasive joke, with its weeping willow attachment, and hurls it at a giddy and reckless humanity, a prolonged wail of anguish goes up from broken hearts, and a sombre pall hangs in the gladsome sky like a pair of soldier's trousers with only one suspender.

If the lost and undone victim to the great catalogue of damning and enervating dissipation will for a moment turn his mind to the solemn consideration of London *Punch*, and wrestle with it alone where the prying eyes of the world cannot penetrate, though unused to tears, the fountains of the great deep in his nature will be opened up, and he will see the blackness of intense darkness which surrounds him, and be led to penitence and abject humanity.

The mission of the English humorist is, to darken the horizon and shut out the false and treacherous joy of existence—to shut out the beauty of the landscape and scatter a \$2 gloom over the glad green earth.

When we pass from earth and our place is filled by another sad-eyed genius whose trousers are too short and who manifests other signs of greatness, let no storied urn or animated bust be placed above our lowly resting place, but stuff an English conundrum so that it will look as it did in life, and let it stand above our silent dust to shed its damp and bilious influence through the cemetery as a monument of desolation and a fountain of unshed tears, and the grave robber will shun our final resting place as he would the melon patch where lurks the spring gun and the alert and irritable bulldog. *Laramie City Boomerang.*

THE White House needs a thorough overhauling in the way of plumbing; but the Secretary of the Treasury is averse to doubling the national debt during his term of office.—*Norristown Herald.*

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